The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Opportunity

IN THE modern world the small nation labors under many disadvantages. Both economically and politically it is dependent upon bigger and more powerful neighbors. Concentrating on traditions and issues of a smaller compass, its outlook tends to be rather narrow. As a consequence it rarely produces artists who express the travail and aspirations of their contemporaries with an eloquence that makes itself heard far beyond the country's narrow confines.

But small nations today have one virtue that more than compensates for the limitations induced by their particularism. Power politics has no attraction for them; they are determined not to be pawns in big-nation power politics; they are wholeheartedly and consistently devoted to the cause of peace.

That is one reason the small powers, East and West, North and South, set so much store by the United Nations. That is why these lesser commonwealths are among the strongest supporters of the idea that the powers of the UN General Assembly should be expanded in order to check aggression in its infancy.

General Romulo, Foreign Secretary of the Philippines, expressed the idea in a press interview in New York. He called upon the Assembly "to insure the rehabilitation of Korea and guarantee its unity and independence after the fighting shall have ended." He advocated convocation of the General Assembly within 24 hours after the Security Council "fails or is unable to act on a matter involving peace and international security." He favored the organizing under Assembly auspices of UN armed forces capable of dealing with "future Koreas."

At the same time General Romulo voiced another sentiment with which the bulk of the UN membership is in hearty accord: "There must be no let-up in the work of laying the foundations of permanent peace in the social, economic and political fields, even while we concern ourselves with today's crises and threats to the security of the world."

So the United States can count on the widest theoretical support for the proposals she has for the present session of the Assembly. One of these would establish a permanent peace commission charged with keeping an eye on all tension areas of the world. The function of this body would be to report mounting pressures to the UN before any fighting breaks out.

Another American suggestion is to create a permanent UN military force—comprised either of volunteers from every nation trained by a UN officers' corps or of specialized units contributed by various UN members.

The third plank in this platform has to do with the setting up of a "Little Assembly" which could meet on 24-hour notice to take steps to preserve the peace, whenever such UN action has been blocked by a Big Power veto in the Security Council.

THUS Russia's unabated aggressions and ambitions, her flagrant use of the veto and the Korean war have unexpectedly brought the hitherto ineffectual UN to the point where it is within reach of realizing the fondest hopes that were ever expressed for it. It need no longer constitute simply a forum or soundboard for appealing to world public opinion (not forgetting its many constructive non-political activities, which the League of Nations also carried on consistently and effectively).

If the delegates have the vision and the audacity to carry through a three-fold program which corresponds to almost universal aspirations, the UN may take a great stride forward. To have continually at hand the means of keeping informed on existing threats to peace, of arriving at prompt decisions and of backing up such decisions by force whenever necessary, would give the UN for the first time the lineaments of a truly effective world peace organiza-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• THIS WEEK •

Week by Week 595

Strife at Strasbourg
by Andrew Boyle 599

Black and White and Red All Over
by Francis Downing 601

A Hundred Years After
by Donald Attwater 602

Communications 603

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 604

Of Note 605

The A-Bomb: Moral or Not?
by Gordon C. Zahn 606

A Reply
by Francis J. Connell 607

Books 608

Editor: **Edward S. Skillin**
Contributing Editor: **Philip Burnham**
Managing Editor: **Edward F. Meagher**
Feature Editor: **John Cogley**
Assistant Editor: **William Pfaff**

Associate Editors
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Francis Downing
Cinema: Philip T. Hartung
Theatre: Walter Kerr

Advertising Manager: John Brubaker

• NEXT WEEK •

GEORGE H. DUNNE reports on Neighborly Endeavor, Inc., an organization in the Leimert Park district of Los Angeles.

"When the people who make up bourgeois society are, at the same time, heirs to a Christian tradition the results are indeed bewildering. Then we get people not simply hating their enemies but hating them in the name of Christian zeal, not simply despising their neighbors but despising them in the name of Christian charity, not simply exploiting the poor but exploiting them in the name of justice."

tion. If the Assembly were to take the first steps in this direction now, it would immeasurably grow in stature.

Over the Hills and Far Away?

A MAN sits at his desk in a mid-Manhattan editorial office. He had planned to write about civilian defense in the event of atomic attack. Suddenly the realization comes to him that he's sitting on a powder-keg. Governor Dewey himself has said that New York would probably be the first target. The man has just read that President Truman sent Congress a "master program" for organizing civil defense on a mass, nation-wide basis. That was featured on page one of the local press. Over on an inside page is a statement by W. Stuart Symington, Chairman of the National Security Resources Board. With a twelve minute warning, Symington said, atomic casualties can be cut in half. Further down in the same column is a discussion of the psychological problems of atom-bomb defense by Dr. Irving L. Janis of Yale's Psychology Department. He speaks of the need for "emotional inoculation against hysterical and unreasonable behavior." There is every reason to take the matter of atomic attack seriously. If one reads the papers, there is no escaping the thought of it.

Yet a man sits before a typewriter with these items in front of him and wonders what to say. And while he is thinking about that, the idea comes to him that he is foolish to stay here. If he had any sense he'd take to the hills. Like they used to say in the army: "When the next one starts, I have a place in Arkansas all picked out and they'll have to come and get me." But that was just talk. Even then no one took it seriously. And it's the same sort of thing when one goes on about running away from the Number 1 target-city in the US. No one actually does anything about it.

But why, the man asks himself, why do people stick around? Is it because they don't believe in the logic of events? Is it because they don't hold their lives dear? No one he knows has moved away from New York, Chicago or Detroit because of the bomb. The hills of Arkansas are still sparse and lonely.

Put it to yourself. Why do *you* stick around? And he can't answer his own question. It is not because of any particular sense of duty or loyalty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to a place, a city. It is not, he hopes, because of some dim Freudian bent toward self-destruction. It is not because of any ostrich-in-the-sand optimism. It is mixed-up, confused and almost instinctual.

A man knows that he is a part of it—these buildings, these streets, these subway crowds, these commuter queues — and that if one day they are blasted into nothingness, then he should be there at his desk, his bench or on his back-porch when it comes. It is only fitting. A New Yorker (or a Chicagoan or Detroiter) would be downright embarrassed to be caught hiding in the hills of Arkansas on the day that St. Patrick's Cathedral (or the Wrigley Building or Willow Run) became a heap of rubble. One stays where one is, hopes for the best and plans to do his part should the worst come.

Russian Dry-Farming Decree

IN ITS efforts to subjugate its own people completely the Russian State has encountered by far the stiffest resistance from its peasantry. On several major issues the regime has even been forced to yield.

At one time the peasants expected great things from the Revolution and the long-awaited distribution of the land. But it was soon decreed that all grain above the individual peasant's barest need must be delivered to the State. The peasants simply refused to produce grain for this purpose. Moscow then shifted and permitted the individual farmer to barter or sell his produce on the open and black markets so long as he paid a certain food levy.

The peasants continued resentful and refused to grow the surpluses wanted both for workers, in the expanding heavy industries, and for export, to establish trade balances abroad. So the Kremlin turned to socialization of the land.

Despite the ancient national tradition of the *mir,* or village collective, the State then met with such stubborn opposition that it was again forced to retreat. When the peasants separated family garden plots and homesteads from the common land of the *kolkhoz,* or collective, the Russian Government had to acquiesce. Members of the kolkhoz now have, as well, a few chickens and some livestock of their own.

In its all-out battle with the peasants the Russian State has had recourse to many weapons. All through the past three decades there has been the constant pressure of official propaganda and the dreaded police; there have been drives against the comparatively wealthy *kulaks*. Preferential grants of seeds and tools were held out to adherents of the collectives. Young people in rural areas were captivated by the magic of mechanical gadgets and newer mechanized methods of cultivation.

One of the State's most effective stratagems has been the government tractor station. By a monopoly ownership of all agricultural machinery it has been able to dictate to the individual peasant what he must do in order to borrow these implements and machines from his district tractor station. And, as a final weapon, there was starvation by the million.

Yet socialization of the land, even in its present modified form, has proceeded gradually; the Kremlin does not feel that enough workers have been released from the soil to man the army and the factories. There is news now of a decree issued last month aimed primarily at the USSR's Central Asian and Trans-caucasian "Republics," where family incomes are three or four times the national average. In these districts, where the Asiatic tradition of the small, irrigated, intensely-cultivated garden-plot persists, kolkhozes tend to be small and independent.

To break up all this and to enforce consolidation into larger and more subservient units, Moscow has now decreed that permanent small irrigation ditches must be filled in. The Government is to control the main canals and tell the peasants where each year they are to build their temporary irrigation ditches—with state-owned bulldozers, dredges and other machinery from local tractor stations.

Rigid control of irrigation water should indeed bring any recalcitrants to heel in all things except the vital matter of maintaining and expanding production. But the masters of the Kremlin should not find this prospect particularly disturbing. The United States can still afford big mistakes because of the margin provided by her natural wealth and productive aptitude; the USSR, for her part, goes ahead with her various political schemes happily unconstrained by considerations of human liberties and human life.

Confessions

WE HAVE received a letter from the President of a women's club about Milton Mayer's article, "My Life as 'Frank Hughes' "

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the September 8th issue of THE COMMONWEAL. "The Mayer article has caused considerable confusion and bewilderment here," she writes. "A group of our women have read the article literally and believe that the 'confession' by 'Frank Hughes' is a bona-fide one. To allay their anxiety momentarily, I have told them that in my opinion the article is a satire. I might add that these bewildered readers of yours are well-read women, graduates of Catholic colleges and reared in a tradition of a serious approach to life's serious problems, such as Communism. I would greatly appreciate a clarification of this article."

Lest there be any further bewilderment, we hasten to explain. What Mr. Mayer wrote was a satirical review of the real Frank Hughes' book *Prejudice and the Press* (*Devin-Adair*. $6). He did not expect to be taken literally.

So what we thought was unmistakably implicit, we hereby make clearly explicit: Milton Mayer was writing satirically, not literally. Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune* did *not* pay Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago to stir up a Communist revolution in the United States. The Devin-Adair publishing company is a well-established New York firm, *not* "actually one Lemuel Pipkin, a disgruntled locomotive engineer of Muncie, Indiana." There was *no* plot involving ten million bottles of yogurt, each containing a Mexican two-dollar bill, which was being forwarded to Luxembourg for a Perle Mesta party. *Etcetera, etcetera.*

Double-Talk

WE HAVE before us one of Max Lerner's recent columns from the New York *Post* entitled "Power Tells." Under this title the *Post's* political analyst explains the inside meaning of the American amphibious landings at Inchon in Korea. "It doesn't mean," says Lerner, "that all the problems of policy confronting the UN in Asia have been wiped away by the massed amphibian landings. What it does mean—is that power tells."

Fine. Passing on to the next question—what our policy in Korea should be once victory is assured—Mr. Lerner lays down the ideal formula as follows: we should stay this side of the 38th parallel; set up a UN provisional government in Seoul; admit the Chinese Communists to the UN; then settle the future of Korea—"for there can be no lasting settlement of the Korean problem unless China takes part in it."

Then, tying up this grand strategy in two final sentences, Lerner explains: "In the immediate fighting it is power that tells. In long-range terms we need insight, the long view, and the capacity to see Asia through Asiatic eyes."

Now it is too much to ask Max Lerner or anyone else to settle the future of Korea in one column. But when Mr. Lerner takes on the job voluntarily, one would thank him to be so good as to go all the way and face up to the contradiction staring out from those last two sentences of his.

The Chinese Communists, General MacArthur has reported to the UN, have trained over 100,000 of the North Korean Communist troops who assaulted the UN's Republic of South Korea. Does anyone doubt where the Chinese Communists' sympathies lie in this fight?

Yet, says Mr. Lerner, it is the Chinese Communists we must consult about the future of Korea. So south of the 38th parallel (short view), we shoot up the Communists and here it is power that tells; north of the 38th parallel (long view), we ask other Communists what they have in mind regarding the future of Korea, as if we didn't know. How, we respectfully ask, are we going to settle the future of Korea by admitting the Chinese Communists to the UN?

The truth of the matter is that the US is up against a tough contradiction in its Asia policy and no words, however long-view, can get around it. We would do well to face it. The Truman-Acheson-Marshall policy is to admit the Chinese Communists to the UN because there is nothing else for us to do, unless we want to fight China. And almost no one here in his right mind wants that. At the same time, however, we are fighting Communism in Korea. Which means a stalemate with the Russian and Chinese Communists in the UN on Korea—as Mr. Malik has already demonstrated.

If the American troops stop at the 38th parallel, as now seems wise and likely, the UN will have the same old divided Korea on its hands. If the UN cannot hold free elections in Korea and cannot re-unite the country, the UN troops who have fought and died there will have won the war and lost the peace. Certainly nothing would so delight the Communists, Russian and Chinese. It is just that possibility that we have to prevent now, if possible, in the UN. And to prevent it, the UN itself may be forced to go above the 38th parallel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strife at Strasbourg

European statesmen begin to realize that "in a straight fight between tanks and committees, tanks are apt to win."

By ANDREW BOYLE

THERE WAS something distinctly ominous in the contrast at Strasbourg between theory and fact.

From the moment I caught my first glimpse of the glittering new "Palace of Europe," a splendidly fitted functional building of glass and concrete, to the moment I left this ancient city and crossed the Rhine into Germany, I was uncomfortably aware of the lofty ideals and frail hopes which were like the spiritual shadow of all this outward substance.

As a newspaper correspondent, it was my duty during the debates of the "Council of Europe" to concentrate on what was being said and on who was saying it. There could be no room in my dispatches for the inarticulate uneasiness I felt, for the speculative doubts that crossed my mind, or for the dreamlike sense that I was living sumptuously in a politician's version of Paradise. Certainly the semi-tropical weather and the surroundings reinforced the easily formed impression that this was indeed Cloud Cuckoo Land. Only the grim news from across the world, spread across the pages of journals in half a dozen languages, assured me as I passed the newsstands each day that men were dying in Korea while these representatives of the imperilled West blandly talked their heads off.

I do not wish to be unfair about the latest session of the Council of Europe. Yet it would be absurd to imply that my instinctive doubts were not shared by others. "Fiddling while all Europe burns," was the terse if unoriginal judgment of one eager American journalist whose expectations of quick decisions were shattered early on. The politicians themselves, for the most part, were bitterly aware of the pervading atmosphere of unreality. They had come to Strasbourg, "the first city of Europe," without a mandate, without authority and without the power to do anything but air their private views. "As a Parliament," one of them said to me, "this is simply hopeless. Yet we simply *must* keep going through the parliamentary motions. If we do not, if we decide to wind up this first attempt to create an international forum for our divided peoples, the chance may never come our way again."

There was much in what this British Labor Member of Parliament said. The Council's machinery was incredibly creaky and cumbersome. It had obviously been devised and created by men resolved to curb the energies of the idealists whose intention was to put Europe first. The result reminded me of those stationary bicycles on which muscle-hardened athletes, without moving an inch, can catch the exhilaration of men travelling at thirty miles per hour. For the opening exchanges revealed the frustration and anger of these parliamentarians drawn from fifteen countries strung between the Arctic Circle and the Mediterranean.

★

IT WAS too much of a coincidence to find Turks and Greeks as hot under the collar about the deficiencies of the Statute as normally phlegmatic men from Norway and Britain. It seemed in the early stages that the Council of Europe was about to founder and sink. On the second day of the session there were rumblings of a "mutiny," led by the French delegation and supported by other Continental countries.

One man forestalled this calamity which would have sounded the death-knell for all further attempts at European unity. Mr. Winston Churchill, who had sat silently but conscientiously through that stormy prelude, intently following every argument but rarely allowing his real thoughts to betray themselves on his set features, saved the situation by simply breaking the rules. He decided to speak, not about the minor vexations which probably annoyed him as much as anyone else, but about the single major topic which was weighing on the minds of everyone and which undoubtedly explained the truculent mood of the assembly.

He spoke on the urgent need for building a common army to defend Europe. Korea and the war-clouds gathering nearer home were facts; the Council of Europe, as now constituted, was a figment. The desire for peace and security animating the delegates was a fact; but the possibility there and then of taking strong decisions

---

ANDREW BOYLE, *a writer and broadcaster for the* BBC *Radio Newsreel, attended the recent meeting of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to implement that desire was a figment. They all knew that not many miles away to the East, beyond the brightness of that newly finished debating chamber, stood part of the striking force of 175 Russian divisions which the European joint forces were practically powerless to stop.

One of Britain's most forthright and popular representatives, the Conservative Robert Boothby, had reflected the exact mood of the Assembly when he declared: "Do not let us be under any illusion as to the state of our own defenses. For all practical purposes they are still non-existent. There has been a lot of talk about the Brussels Pact and the Atlantic Pact. But the only visible result of those Pacts to date is a number of Committees; and, in a straight fight between tanks and committees, tanks are apt to win."

★

AT THIS POINT in the proceedings, before Mr. Churchill spoke, the attitude of Western Germany's delegation was not publicly known. Dr. Adenauer, a realist with an alert eye for the main chance, had used "newspaper diplomacy" to convey *his* opinion to the outside world. In interviews with American newspapermen he had already stated that the Federal Republic must be given the means of defending herself. Some people assumed that Dr. Adenauer was voicing the unanimous opinion of his countrymen; others, myself included, assumed that the size and imminence of the threat to their security—and their deep detestation of the Soviet Union—left the Germans with no logical alternative but to demand the right to rearm. I was wrong. Half an hour's listening to the solid arguments of a highly intelligent Social Democrat, Professor Carlo Schmidt, made me change my mind. And a brief visit to Germany while the Council of Europe was still sitting served to confirm how wide of the mark I had been.

Professor Schmidt, a bearded, mountainous man with a personality in proportion, did a great deal to kill the idly complacent notion that Europe had only to raise a finger and Western Germany would make good the gaps in the Continental defensive system out of her manpower reserves. He completely surprised the French delegates by pointing out at once, in all sincerity, that few Germans honestly wanted a German Army. "When a new state is weak as we are weak today," he said, "then the risk of recreating a new army is too great. That kind of state will become the servant of the General Staff, as it did in Hindenberg's time."

Besides, he added, what was the sense of discussing the project when there were not enough arms to go around the European armies already in being? And was it wise politically or strategically to advocate the founding of a West German army at a moment like the present? If the Russians and their East German puppets racked their brains for a suitable propaganda pretext to stage a "second Korea" in the West, they could not invent a better one than this.

Strip those arguments of their orderly cohesiveness, substitute a passive but overpowering spirit of defeatism, and you have the attitude of the average German. It did not take me long to learn the truth during my interesting but utterly depressing journey across the Rhine into the French and American zones. Ordinary people avoided the topic; they kept it from their thoughts as well. And one had only to pass through blitzed cities like Munich and Stuttgart to understand why. They have not recovered from the last disaster yet. The enormous sense of loss, the bitterness and the insecurity which defeat and occupation brought are never far below the surface of ordinary conversation. The Germans fear and hate the Russians, of course, but they do not want to provoke the Russians. Still less do they want to fight the Russians under their own flag, at the opportunist bidding of the West. Such defeatism is not confined to Western Germany alone. But there it is strongest and most pronounced. And Mr. Churchill was aware of that.

★

LIKE his original proposal three years ago for a "United Europe" — out of which that Assembly, with all its limitations, had sprung — like his proposal a year ago that Germany should be admitted to the Council of Europe without delay, this latest Churchill idea had all the simplicity of genius. It disarmed French suspicions and doubts in advance; it blunted the sharpest of German objections; above all, it injected into every delegate a new sense of enthusiasm and responsibility. Once again, by a single speech, and on a problem debarred from discussion by the statutory rules of the Council, Mr. Churchill had turned the eyes of the world to Strasbourg.

As everyone realized, that odd assortment of politicians could take no decisions. They were still, as it were, a mere sounding-board for the best European opinion. Up to that point, they had made themselves a laughing stock. After that point, they settled down in earnest to some hard and comparatively harmonious work. The session was adjourned towards the end of August; and the Palace deserted. Even the cleaners have gone. But thanks to the astuteness and wisdom of one statesman, the doors will be opened again in November. And whatever the Western Powers may have decided to do in the meantime about a "European Army," the Council of Europe, when it reassembles, will speak with greater authority than ever before.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LABOR MOVEMENT

Black and White and Red All Over

I'M NOT very certain about what went on back here in the east; but in Detroit during the last war the auto companies had huge signs which were illuminated at night and which advertised their war products. Despite the profits these companies were making and despite the tax arrangements they had made with the government for "cushioning the transition to peace," all the products were made, according to the ads, to help those men "who are fighting for you and me."

But those who wrote the copy must have been dissatisfied with it because the copy men, the columnists and the commentators in what was then called "the arsenal of democracy" discovered that what the GIs were really fighting for was apple pie, hot dogs and big-league baseball. I come from a part of the world that invented apple pie, and claims Ted Williams. I have known men and women who ate apple pie at breakfast. Greater love no man hath; but I doubt that some young man at Bougainville was fighting for that.

It could be supposed that any war worth the fighting would be in defense of freedom and for peace. But we seem to be as uncertain about this as about the last war. We seem to be tired and afraid of ideas and of words and of distinctions among words and ideas, and we seem to prefer to live by things and for things. It is understandable because the copy boys have destroyed ideas and they lie and prostitute words and the meaning of words and they make us afraid, or try to, until the whole of social and economic life, love and marriage and birth and death move around some fear, some convention that the copy writers have worked out. (Some boy is shamelessly rejected; a marriage is destroyed—all kinds of vulgar things are suggested which these could be saved from, these boys and girls, by some dentifrice or soap.) My own opinion is that the copy boys should be put up against a wall and shot. For they are on the verge of discovering that the GIs in Korea are defending Ipana.

I promised that I would not go over this again, but I don't believe our youngsters fight wars for apple pie or Ipana toothpaste, and I do believe that men have a right to their jobs and that they should not lose them because men, identified or unidentified, call up the Company, or because the American Legion makes charges it cannot and will not substantiate.

★

MR. EDWARD CLAMAGE told the American Legion Illinois Convention that Miss Gypsy Rose Lee was reported to be "a close associate of . . . traitors." A telegram he sent to the American Broadcasting Company certainly had in mind that Miss Lee be taken off the air. It now develops that Mr. Clamage based his charge on a listing in the soon to be notorious *Red Channels* and that, asked by the President of ABC to back up his charge, Mr. Clamage backs water and shifts the burden to Mr. Kirkpatrick of *Red Channels*.

But the point is that men's jobs are in danger on the basis of a listing in a little book. The newly elected commander of the American Legion Post in Omaha wants the play "Born Yesterday" banned because its author, Garson Kanin, was listed in the little red book. Nobody tries to investigate these things: Mr. Clamage says that the American Legion is "not an investigating committee." Like Senator McCarthy, it just makes charges. And points to the little red book.

Meanwhile the little red book is getting into the schools. Mr. John Herron, who is the superintendent of schools in Newark, New Jersey, is about to distribute it to his principals and teachers as "a reference book."

Now I do not think that I have to be taught the abc's of Communism in America. I am aware that Communists are, and always have been, colonial agents of the Kremlin; that they have perverted men and unions, that they have kept men from jobs, hectored and hounded men and women day and night, ruined radio scripts, and falsely attacked authors.

But it is the contention of *Counterattack's* Mr. Theodore Kirkpatrick that his *Red Channels* is based on documents. He says that "we are not adding any further documentation to the information already published in *Red Channels*."

★

NOW in my bringing up, the word "documentation" is a serious word, evocative and worthy of respect. When you document a case, you furnish the evidence. If you can't do it, you lose the case. Mr. Kirkpatrick bases part of his case against Miss Lee on two clippings from the *Daily Worker* and one from the New York *Compass*. It is possible that the *Daily Worker* has sometimes told the truth, but it must have been in an issue I missed.

Yet according to Miss Ireene Wicker, another radio and television lady who has just lost her job, Mr. Kirkpatrick told her that: "The *Daily Worker* is very accurate; they never make a mistake." I can only conclude from this that the Party puts out a special edition for this particular publisher.

Miss Wicker, whom we all know as the Singing Lady, was listed in the little red book on the basis of the appearance of her name *once* in the *Daily Worker* as having signed a nominating petition for the admitted Communist, Benjamin Davis. She says that she had her laywers check the whole list of about 30,000 names on the petition—and her name did not appear. That is Mr. Theodore Kirkpatrick's documentation.

Miss Wicker says that when she told Mr. Kirkpatrick that much of her work was deeply religious, he interrupted her to say: "Just being religious is negative; what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have you done *positive* against Communism." I wonder what most of us could say to a question like that. What could a Carmelite nun, or a Trappist monk say in response to a question like that? What a strange and perverted sense of values Mr. Kirkpatrick has developed. He lists the names of people in a little red book; lists the names of some of them whose names have appeared in the *Daily Worker*. He joins a Committee to deprive people of their jobs on the basis of the listings. He calls this "documentation." And radio companies and school superintendents and Legion heads take it seriously as gospel truth. The Legion head who wants Garson Kanin's play banned says that he "was not too familiar with the play itself. I haven't had time to read it."

★

IN REGARD to all this, there are two streams in our America. And each of them flows in opposite directions, as they have separate and different origins. One of them is the stream of anger and of violence, spiritual or physical, having its impetus in impatience and in haste, in a perverted sense of justice. Men are often swept into it in honesty, though pushed and manipulated, often, by the cold and the unfrenzied, the gauleiters, the mental engineers of the viscerally moved, who sit at desks and get quietly drunk on power and are consumed by it and by the desire for it, thrifting some early seized-on scrap of dream. The gangs, the lynchers, the mobs, the frenzied burners of crosses flow in this swift, turbulent, destroying stream, and they dissolve out of it, sheepish, sinful, ashamed, stricken at the things they have done, slinking, furtive, hiding in the anonymity of darkness from the awful anonymity of their fretful violence.

One of them is the stream of reason and of patient and sensible waiting and sustained courage. John Adams defending the British who were involved in the British Massacre was part of it. Lincoln dealing with the slavery question, and after it with victory where there would be malice toward none, Cardinal Gibbons interceding with the Pope to save the Knights of Labor, John P. Altgeld pardoning the Haymarket "anarchists," Alfred E. Smith attacking the expulsion of the Socialist Assemblymen, these all, I think, are part of it also.

And now Robert Kinter, president of the American Broadcasting Company, who sent Mr. Clamage the text of Miss Lee's affidavit with the words: "If you have any evidence to the contrary, please advise me," has joined the dominant stream of our history. And the American Federation of Radio Artists, which condemned the dismissal of Miss Jean Muir, which, as the AFRA resolution put it, rested "solely upon the reported allegation that the protests of a few individuals make her a controversial person and therefore unfit to appear on a television show."

This is the stream which respects the person, which does not debase but exalts, nor barbarizes but refines, purifies but does not corrupt, which requires evidence, insists on trial and on law, on the orderly process, which is the triumph in man of Pascal's angel over the brute.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

FROM ENGLAND

A Hundred Years After

IN THE year 1559 all the bishops, save one, of the Catholic Church in England and Wales refused to accept Queen Elizabeth's "ecclesiastical settlement," and when the last of them died the Church ceased to exist in the country as an hierarchically-organized body.

Then on September 9, 1850, Pope Pius IX issued a decree the centenary of which the Church in England is now celebrating. While leaving the country within the jurisdiction of the missionary Congregation *de Propaganda Fide* (until 1908), he abolished its missionary organization and set up an ordinary hierarchy of bishops resident in their own dioceses.

In looking back over the hundred years since the decree "Universalis Ecclesiae," it is easy to see the magnificent external progress made by the Church in England; more fundamental interior things are, from their nature, more difficult to assess.

Where in 1850 there were one archbishopric and twelve bishoprics, there are in 1950 four archbishoprics and fourteen bishoprics; seminaries for the training of the clergy have arisen, in addition to those that existed in some form before 1850; the metropolitan cathedral at Westminster is the most striking church built in England since Wren built St. Paul's for the Anglicans (and for its size, the least costly). Every year in all parts of the land new parishes have been organized by the pastoral clergy.

There has been a great development of religious orders. The Benedictines had a unique position in medieval England; the monks of the English Congregation today have five abbeys and several priories, and there are monasteries of other congregations as well. Of the other older orders, the friars of St. Francis and of St. Dominic are the most numerous.

The Society of Jesus has been the leader in education at college and high-school level, closely followed by the Benedictines. A body of parochial schools has been built up within the public educational system, and these received considerable financial aid from public funds. The degree and conditions of this aid have been in dispute between Church and State from time to time (as at present); but when compared with some other countries, Catholics in England have been fairly and generously treated, and a partial dependence on public money has not led to improper state interference with our schools.

★

MSGR. KNOX wrote recently that the most important thing that has happened for Catholic life in England (and elsewhere) is the emergence of an apostolic laity: "not the germinating of a plan or the product of an agitation, [but] something which has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grown up while we were not looking," so that even now it is not fully realized.

In 1850 Catholics in England were a small and rather obscure minority. We are still a small minority, but no longer obscure. We are a well-known and accepted element in the life of the country, in which both as a body and as individuals we play a notable, if not yet a sufficient part: and I think I may add a respected part, except in the eyes of one or two "lunatic fringes." The measure of the change is seen by contrasting the venom of *The Times* newspaper against Catholics in 1850 and its recent articles and correspondence on Catholic and Protestant relations.

★

AT THE beginning of the nineteenth century the Catholic Church in England was English; long before the end of the century it had become by immigration predominantly Irish. This is commonly overlooked abroad; yet were it possible to find out the number of Catholics here with four *English* grandparents the result would cause the observant Englishman no surprise. The names in the clergy list of the *Catholic Directory* show how faithful the Irish clergy have been in looking after their own people—and us English too. So much so that twenty or more years ago a well-known priest (himself partly Irish) announced in Rome that England needed a native clergy as much as any foreign mission did.

Since the days of that "crack" there has been a noticeable reanglicization. The distinction between English Catholics and Catholics in England is still an important one. English names will be the minority for a long time yet. There are plenty of solidly and consciously Irish parishes. But the official English background of the Church has taken on a greater reality, English influences have become more potent, the descendants of converts are increasing, and more Irish have become assimilated.

In view of its history the Church in England might have become even more Irish in its characteristics; that it did not is partly due to the number of converts, many of them lay people, whose influence has been so considerable. Of the Catholics in England whose names are well-known abroad, most have been English and many of them converts. And this prominence of converts has from time to time raised optimistic hopes abroad of an impending "conversion of England," or at least of the Anglicans.

Humanly speaking there has never been any chance of it, nor is there now; these things are even more difficult than they look. But it seems to me beyond question that, alongside a vast amount of secularism and indifferentism, there has been since 1850 a great increase of Catholic-mindedness, of belief in Catholic doctrines, of approximation to Catholic practices among many non-Catholic English Christians (as well, of course, as an increase of "modernism" and uncertainty among others). This must be a matter of rejoicing for Catholics, and should not be overlooked or disregarded at this centennial stocktaking.

DONALD ATTWATER.

Communications

No More Crusades

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: I would like to comment on the article of Mr. Donald Attwater from England, entitled "No More Crusades" (Sept. 15). The distinguished writer could not have chosen a better title to describe the attitude of present-day England.

Those of us who have gotten out of school recently with the history of the great British people still fresh in our minds have been disappointed, to say the least, at the role of this once great power in world affairs. . . .

While the decline of any great people is always a sad event to see, it is particularly disheartening in this case. Now, more than any other time, the Christian world needs to be united to fight off the common enemy. Now, more than any other time, the Christian democracies are being challenged, and everything that they hold dear is held in the balance.

Mr. Attwater's reference to the opening round of the terrible conflict as "this Korean business" and his comment that the British are "taking it quietly" will hardly serve to inspire American men who must bear the brunt of the battle. His further observation that among young and old there is no tendency even to approve a war to end Communism may well indicate to what extent we can count on our great ally. Indications are that Britain is not interested in crusades and will only fight a war of self-defense. It is this cynical and defeatist attitude of the British people that encourages the British government in its appeasement of Communist China and its willingness to sell potential war materials to Russia and her satellites.

Mr. Attwater's article is very discouraging. We admit that it's been a long time since the Armada, Waterloo and Trafalgar. But some of us had hoped that the same heroic spirit would still be present today.

VINCENT HENDRICKS.

The Holy Year

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS: I closely read Robert Barrat's article (Sept. 1) on the Holy Year. I was sorry to note that it closed with an abundance of superficial thinking.

The author's advocating the idea of "the present Pope deciding to suppress the heritage of the past" smacks of the worst type of provincial modernism, as if everything connected with the Vatican not similar in feature to the latest Ford were an obsolete absurdity. The great and broad accumulation of tradition is only a part of the evidence that the Roman Catholic Church lives and grows through the ages. This tradition has meaning, the meaning imparted by individuals, by millions, by centuries. I am flabbergasted by talk of the "suppression"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this heritage. Perhaps Mr. Barrat would like to suggest modifications and improvements, but surely not suppression.

Furthermore in the last section of his article the author seems to lose himself in a fog of deep emotionalism and melancholy. He quotes Chateaubriand: "a Pope who would enter into the spirit of the century and who would place himself at the head of enlightened generations could rejuvenate the papacy, etc." Thus, apparently implying that the present Pope has not entered into the spirit of the century and has not placed himself at the head of the enlightened.

If I may be permitted to express an opinion on such an important subject, nothing could be further from the truth. Pope Pius XII, a great successor to Leo XIII whose picture he keeps before him in his study, is and always has been a determined fighter for social progress and justice. In an era darkened by totalitarian materialism he has consistently aided and inspired Christian democracy, so vital to the free world. And now in this hour of persecution and mass terror he gives hope to the millions crushed by the brutal forces of Communist atheism he has for so long—and so justly—condemned. All mankind can be thankful that Pius XII, probably the most accessible of all men in positions of enormous responsibility, is so enlightened a leader.

In his conclusion Mr. Barrat states that "it would be worth more for the future of the Church and the peace of the world if the Christian were called upon to march in the vanguard, to conquer, to dare, to risk in a word! Perhaps also the time has come when the Christians will no longer have much to preserve. . . . Except the essential: the Faith." This would seem blandly to overlook, above all, the daily sacrifices of Christians, Catholics and non-Catholics, behind the Iron Curtain, where with faith as their only weapon, they fight on heroically against the communist terror state. Those men and women must not be forgotten as they risk and dare, alone, unrecognized, and unrewarded by the world at large.

Perhaps I should add that this letter is not written by a Roman Catholic but by a Protestant Episcopalian who is, however, conscious of the salutary work of the Roman Catholic Church.

WILLIAM E. W. GOWEN.

Hoax

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO THE EDITORS: The hoax by Milton Mayer ("My Life as 'Frank Hughes'") in your Sept. 8 issue puts him and you in the Orson Welles class, in my opinion a position unworthy of the usual dignity of your publication.

AGNES MCKENNY.

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: . . . Milton Mayer's mayhem on McCormick gave me laughs such as I have not had from printed matter in lo these many Great Books. Milton (may he live forever) is magnificent. More!

ANN BYRNE.

The Screen

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED

ON THE DOCKET this week are a bunch of comedies, and since this is the type of picture I find so hard to review I can only tell you a little about each and what I found amusing. Fun is a very personal thing, so if it seems that any of these films will tickle your risibilities, grab the opportunity at your local cinema palace.

"Louisa" disturbed some of my critic friends who found it undignified; but I was so delighted with Spring Byington's performance in what turns out to be the lead role that the picture left me with a warm glow. Miss Byington plays the widowed mother of Ronald Reagan, and at the film's opening she's not too welcome a visitor with Ronald's family in a New York suburb. Although these suburbanites are more than a touch stuffy, there's something to be said in their favor when mama tries to run everything. But when Ronald and his wife (Ruth Hussey) and his children suggest that Louisa get some outside interests, they are not pleased with these results either. Louisa turns up with a boyfriend (Edmund Gwenn, the neighborhood grocer) who soon has competition: Ronald's boss from the city (Charles Coburn) discovers Louisa's charms. The romantic angles of this December triangle are cute at first, but get rather broad as the plot takes a farcical turn. Louisa's family carry on like prissy chaperones when the elderly boys become ardent; however the gay Louisa will probably win your heart as charmingly as she wins Gwenn's and Coburn's.

Edmund Gwenn turns in another of his good portrayals in *"Pretty Baby,"* a screwball comedy about a group of people connected with the too-too hectic advertising business. Gwenn plays an irascible baby-food tycoon who happens to see Betsy Drake on the subway one day and thinks the baby she's carrying is named after him. Actually this isn't a baby at all — just a life-sized doll which Betsy carries to get a seat on crowded subways. There are many other indications throughout the picture of Betsy's being a nitwit, but she's such a pretty nitwit and so amiable that you sort of like her — with or without brains. Mr. Gwenn is definitely won over, and since his baby-food account is handled by the agency where Betsy works (I should say where she makes mistake after mistake) he insists that this office give her a good job. The advertising big-shots, played by Dennis Morgan and Zachary Scott with plenty of zip and wisecrack, swallow their pride, make Betsy a copywriter. As you see this plot gets rather capricious, especially when the bosses begin pursuing Betsy, and Gwenn thinks Scott is the baby's father. Fortunately Bretaigne Windust has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

directed all this whimsy with a fast pace, and the cast handle the amusing lines and situations well.

★

IF YOU really don't care how cliché-smothered a plot can get, you'll find *"Summer Stock"* a pleasant musical. Judy Garland and Gene Kelly are at their best, which is very good indeed, at putting over the film's good song-and-dance numbers; and the whole piece has an infectious gaiety that almost makes you overlook its well-worn story about the theatrical troupe who move in on a debt-ridden farm. Of course Farmer Garland falls in love with Producer Kelly and has to be put in the show at the last minute. The show, which is definitely oversized for the barn that houses it, is really worth seeing and hearing and so are the production numbers that precede it. Eddie Bracken, Marjorie Main and Phil Silvers help out with watered down comedy, but fortunately there's never too much of anything to spoil the fun.

"Tea for Two," which more or less stems from the successful musical of the 20's, "No, No, Nanette," has been made into a movie so dull and unimaginative that one wonders how such good songs could be wasted. The cast, led by Doris Day, Gordon MacRae and Gene Nelson can hardly be blamed for the lack of flair in what is only a routine musical.

★

I SUPPOSE *"My Blue Heaven"* is meant to be a musical comedy, but it struck me as a rather sad little affair about two people with dubious standards and mistaken notions. Dan Dailey and Betty Grable portray a song-and-dance team who attain their ambition to be a big success in television but whose home life goes much less smoothly. Their greatest desire, after Betty has a miscarriage, is to adopt a baby; however the adoption agency where they apply doesn't look too kindly on show folk—and I must say the behavior pattern set by Dan and Betty in this film is hardly exemplary. Then again, their good friends, also showfolk (David Wayne and Jane Wyatt) seem to set a good example and are quite successful with their adopted children. Actually the plot of this movie isn't too clear in what it has to say about parents-by-adoption. Most of its musical numbers, however, know where they are going: the way of all gams.

Admirers of a star frequently think he can do no wrong. So no doubt Bob Hope's many fans will go for *"Fancy Pants"* hook, line and Hope. This picture started out being a remake of "Ruggles of Red Gap," but gave up the idea in mid film. I found myself laughing at some of the jokes and enjoying Hope's delivery and Lucille Ball's presence. If you want more, "Fancy Pants" is or are not for you.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Aggressive Piety

THE AUGUST-SEPTEMBER issue of *La Vie Intellectuelle* (29 Boulevard de Latour-Maubourg, Paris, 7) carries an article on "Christian Defeatism" by the Austrian Catholic writer, Ida Görres. Speaking of the end of the 19th century, she writes:

> Probably never before nor since was there such loyalty and somber allegiance to the Church — a watchful, unconditional, you might even say blind, allegiance. And not only to the Church but to everything near or far, in the past or the present, that had any connection with the Church. It was a sentimental development, enthusiastic and burning with the indignation one feels in the presence of an abandoned woman, a mistreated mother, or a dethroned queen.
>
> These believers joyfully and insistently emphasized everything which set them off from others, putting the stress on the "confessional" aspects of their faith. They would rather call themselves Catholics than Christians. They were more papist than the Pope. They were fond of everlastingly proclaiming their attachment to Rome, with banners and brightly colored flags. They loved to wear the medal of the Blessed Virgin on their evening dresses because it brought on comment and stimulated questions.
>
> Here we see the beginnings of the demonstrative and aggressive character of that piety which is such a shock to our taste but which is, however, meant to be a brave profession of faith, an "apostolate" ready to bear up under ridicule, to withstand insult, to win over the hesitant and reinvigorate the courage of the wavering.
>
> This attitude is a curious mixture of elements that smacks of the contradictory. It comes close to pride and even presumption while it betrays a lack of interior confidence, which it would cover up by continual public professions. It verges on the pretensiousness of exclusively possessing the truth on all questions, and still it gives evidence of a fanatic and chronic need to be on the defensive. It is at the same time *distingué* and vulgar, genteel and brutal, secretive and indiscreet, wholly dedicated to the life of the spirit yet giving the appearance of being infantile and sometimes absurd in the superficiality of its utterances.
>
> One is tempted to go so far as to say that, by a weird paradox, the secularization of all life, which is everywhere denounced and rejected by this pious school, penetrates right to the heart of the Church

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and by the very methods they use to fight it. The piety of believers is diverted from its true and unique object, to a terrifying degree. It is horizontal instead of being vertical. It is taken from God and given to man. Although looking upon God as its final end, piety of this kind keeps a sharp eye on what kind of impression it is making on "the world" in its constant emphasis on defending and teaching the faith, producing edification in others and making converts.

Language of the Liturgy

THE CATHOLIC HERALD (67 Fleet St., London) recently carried a letter from Father Clifford Howell, S.J., a leader of the liturgical movement in England, on the subject of Vernacular in the Liturgy.

> Could you not save space by omitting letters which object to "Vernacular Liturgy"? Nobody wants a Vernacular Liturgy, and this spate of letters is creating the false impression that somebody does. If only correspondents would study the article by Fr. Gosling which you published on June 23, they would see that what he (and those many who agree with him) are urging is not "Vernacular Liturgy" but "Vernacular *in* the Liturgy," which is something very different, and not touched by the objections which people raise against "Vernacular Liturgy." As regards the Mass, for instance, it would remain in Latin except that some want the Collects, Epistle and Gospel in the vernacular. Others go further and desire also the rest of the Proper in the vernacular....
>
> Those who write against "Vernacular Liturgy" are flogging a dead horse. That animal died four centuries ago when the Council of Trent (Session XXII, Canon 9) anathematised those who say that "Mass should be celebrated only in the vernacular." So let them stop objecting to what nobody is allowed to want, and what nobody is advocating. What we are backing is a horse of a different color, namely "Vernacular *in* the Liturgy." He is a strong runner with plenty of kick in him. He is making considerable progress in many countries. That people in England are so ignorant of his true form is both amazing and lamentable.
>
> Therefore, Sir, let us have no more letters about "Vernacular Liturgy." The subject is dead, and may not be discussed. Instead let us discuss "Vernacular *in* the Liturgy." This subject is very live: and we may certainly discuss it because the Pope tells us in *Mediator Dei* § 64, "Admittedly the adoption of the vernacular in quite a number of functions may prove of great benefit to the faithful."

The A-Bomb: Moral or Not?

By GORDON C. ZAHN

THE SPURIOUS "Stockholm Peace Petition" has been receiving its just condemnation from every quarter in recent weeks. It has been clearly and frequently exposed as a Communist ruse, a master touch of hypocrisy exploiting a world-wide will for peace in the behalf of the forces of world-wide aggression.

But in all of this concern over the evil intents and purposes of the instigators of the Petition, virtually no attention has been given to what, for the sociologist at least, is the most significant fact involved here. That is, that *one eighth of the human race* according to an article in the New York *Times,* has signed the Petition. Discounting the signatures obtained in Communist-dominated areas, we must still take note of the fact that almost a million and a half signatures have been obtained in the United States in spite of the wide publicity given to the suspect parentage of the document. Catholics must take interest, too, in the totals for Italy and France; almost one-third of the population of the former and more than one-fourth of the population of the latter have signed. It should be self-evident that the motives of a few thousand Communist plotters behind this drive are nowhere near as important as are the motives of the 273,470,566 people all over the world who have signed. It is a matter of first importance, then, for us to discover what lies behind the success of the Stockholm Peace Petition.

★

PART OF the answer may lie in a publication issued in Washington on August 12, a few days after the fifth anniversary of Hiroshima. *The Effects of Atomic Weapons* (Government Printing Office. $1.25), is a handbook prepared under the direction of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory for the Department of Defense and the Atomic Energy Commission. As might be expected, the principal part of this handbook is far too technical for general interest or consumption.

The remainder of the material, however, is something quite different. This part tells what does happen *when* an atom bomb goes to work, and the awesome facts of atomic destruction that are given here are all too clear to any reader.

Many of these are getting to be familiar facts, but in this handbook they are presented in such quantity, supplemented with photographic documentation, so as to make them seem fresh and invest them with a touch of

GORDON C. ZAHN *is a former editor of The Catholic C.O. He recently completed graduate study in sociology at Catholic University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terrifying immediacy. Buried in these mountains of technical terminology lie occasional glimpses of the true nature and extent of atomic warfare. Merely by paging through and looking at the pictures, one begins to realize why the Holy Father, in his latest appeal for peace, chose to use such violent terms as "murderous" and "inhuman" in referring to the newly-developed instruments of modern war.

This handbook has been sorely needed, for we have become superficial in our consideration of this weapon and its implications. Even one of our most respected theologians recently made the astonishing public statement that an atomic weapon ". . . is not essentially different from a TNT bomb, a cannon, a hand grenade or a rifle." The most cursory review of this handbook will expose the error in elementary logic that tricks us into such a careless attitude. The error lies in the confusion of *genus* with *species*. An A-bomb and a rifle do belong to the same genus; both are mechanical instruments of destruction. But to say that there is no essential difference between them is equivalent to saying that a man-eating tiger on the loose in a crowded playground is the same as a kitten on the prowl for a mouse. Both of these, it will be noted, belong to the genus "animal;" both, as a matter of fact, belong to the same broad subdivision of that genus. But they are essentially different.

★

A RIFLE is by nature a selective instrument of destruction; it remains subject to the control of the user and is properly directed at a specific target. The A-bomb is by nature an indiscriminate weapon; its effects cannot be controlled; it obliterates areas. This government publication establishes this beyond question. The "before and after" pictures of Nagasaki give evidence of the difference — it is an essential difference — which lies in the proper effects of each weapon.

Of course, the rifle can be misused. A band of soldiers pursuing an enemy could fire wildly and indiscriminately into a mixed crowd of women, children, aged and similar non-combatants. Such action, however, would be universally recognized as an outright violation of justice and morality or as the work of madmen. The A-bomb dropped on a modern city (and I, for one, do not believe that any nation is spending millions of dollars to build these bombs for limited use in remote naval actions) has these same effects, and even worse. Unless we are willing to abandon the traditional concepts of the intrinsic value and dignity of the redeemed human person and accept in its stead the *totaller Krieg* philosophy which treats of whole cities and their inhabitants as an impersonal mass, this essential distinction between the A-bomb and the rifle must be recognized and our moral judgments revised accordingly.

The very first page of this handbook proves that the A-bomb is different in kind, and not only in degree, from even the most powerful bomb previously employed. For, in addition to vastly expanded explosive power, it has two other properties that must be taken into consideration by our moralists: (1) "the explosion of the bomb is accompanied by highly-penetrating, and deleterious, invisible rays, in addition to intense heat and light;" and (2) "the substances which remain after the explosion are radioactive, emitting radiations capable of producing harmful consequences in living organisms." The next line, taken from the handbook, might be directed specifically to the attitude quoted earlier: "It is on account of these differences that the effects of the atomic bomb require special consideration." Theologians, please take note.

This, then, may be the story of the success of the Stockholm Peace Petition. Its millions of signers have addressed themselves, however inadequately, to the central issue of our day, the threat described in the handbook under discussion. Theologians have thus far failed to place this weapon in its social context in their consideration of its morality. Politicians and statesmen have ignored, or subordinated, the moral issue in their determinations of the expediency of continuing and expanding A-bomb production — even, let us not forget, to the point of developing the potentially far more powerful H-bomb. The fact that, at this moment in history which may be near the last, more than 270 million people have grasped at this fake device may indicate that the "common man" has somehow done what his enlightened spiritual and political leaders have refused to do. He has sensed the consequences of contemporary acts and policies and has joined in protest with other common men all over the world, futile and exploited though their protest may be.

A Reply

By FRANCIS J. CONNELL

SINCE I AM the theologian who made the "astonishing public statement" which Mr. Zahn challenges, a further explanation of my assertion seems to be in order. In these critical days, when the probability of another World War is constantly increasing, it is vitally important that our citizens receive some instruction on the ethical aspects of warfare. Catholics particularly should have definite ideas on this matter, since Catholic theology contains a thorough treatment of the moral principles pertinent to the waging of war.

I presume that Mr. Zahn admits that it is sometimes lawful for a nation to go to war — at least a defensive war — and that in these circumstances it is permissible to employ lethal weapons against the enemy. He is concerned with a particular type of weapon only, the atomic weapon. He contradicts my statement that "an atomic weapon is not essentially different from a TNT bomb,

VERY REV. FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.SS.R., *is the Dean of the School of Sacred Theology at Catholic University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a cannon, a hand grenade or a rifle." This statement, he asserts, contains an error in elementary logic. However, the arguments which he adduces are not sufficiently convincing to induce me to change my stand.

In the first place, Mr. Zahn apparently does not realize that when we speak of *essence* or *species* in discussing problems in moral theology, we are referring to what is known as the *moral,* not the *physical,* essence or species. Thus, according to Catholic theology, it is specifically the same sin to steal a horse as it is to steal an equivalent sum of money, even though these two objects are specifically distinct in their physical natures. When I stated that an A-bomb is not essentially different from a rifle, I was, of course, discussing the moral aspect of the subject, and consequently I used the word *essentially* in the moral sense. The reason why these two weapons are essentially no different (from the moral standpoint) is that they both have the same purpose in war, to slay or to maim the enemy. Consequently, the moral problems pertinent to the use of both are solved by the same theological principles.

★

IN ATTEMPTING to prove his point, Mr. Zahn argues that the A-bomb differs from the rifle as a tiger differs from a kitten. This is not correct. A tiger possesses the power to kill a human being; a kitten possesses no such power. But the rifle by its very nature is just as truly a lethal weapon as is the A-bomb. The man shot through the heart by a rifle is just as dead as the man disintegrated by the most powerful A-bomb. The latter weapon is capable of killing many more persons at one time than the former; but this establishes a difference of degree only, not a specific or essential difference.

I do not agree with Mr. Zahn that the A-bomb is by its nature an indiscriminate weapon. True, the area of the bomb's destructive force is far greater than that of any other weapon yet constructed; but it still remains limited. Like the rifle, the A-bomb can be directed at a specific target. This could be an object so situated that its destruction would involve the death of no civilians, such as a fleet at sea. Or, it might be an object, the attack on which would bring death to some non-combatants in the vicinity, but in such small numbers that the military advantage accruing from the demolition of the target would sufficiently compensate for this regrettable effect. Such could be the destruction by atomic weapons of the enemy's A-bomb plant in a remote mountain region. In either of these cases the use of the A-bomb would be justifiable, according to Catholic moral principles, provided the nation using it is fighting a just war.

Mr. Zahn states that he does not believe that any nation is constructing bombs for limited use in remote naval actions. He is entitled to his views; perhaps he is correct. But the fact that governments are planning to use these weapons unlawfully does not entitle us to deny that they can be used lawfully, if this conclusion follows from Catholic moral principles.

I DO NOT think that Mr. Zahn is justified in attributing to me a "careless attitude" in drawing conclusions concerning the morality of atomic weapons. As a Catholic priest and theologian I deem it my grave duty in conscience to study carefully the moral problems referring to war and to express my views clearly and impartially. In the article from which Mr. Zahn quotes I declared emphatically that it is against God's law to employ any weapon of war directly against non-combatants. I asserted that even when a lawful target is aimed at, the attack is immoral if the number of non-combatants that will probably be killed outbalances the benefits to be hoped for from the attack. On the very day that the A-bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, I issued a public statement containing a condemnation of its use on this occasion because of the large number of non-combatants involved in the destruction.

Hence, I do not believe that I have assumed a "careless attitude" or that I have been a victim of human respect in expressing my views on the morality of the A-bomb. But, on the other hand, I do not intend to disregard Catholic theological teaching and to condemn the use of the bomb without any qualifications merely because there is grave reason to fear that in the near future it will be used in an immoral way.

Mr. Zahn directs his reproof, not only against me, but against all theologians, when he states: "Theologians have thus far failed to place this weapon in its social context in their consideration of its morality." I do not know how extensive have been Mr. Zahn's studies in the field of theology; but I do know that it is ordinarily imprudent — particularly for a person who has not acquired a profound knowledge of the deep and complex science of theology — to accuse *en masse* the theologians of the Catholic Church of going astray on a question of vital importance.

Books

The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small. Gerald Kersh. Doubleday. $3.50.

ALTHOUGH they both mean "well-intentioned bungler," there is a fine distinction between the expressive Yiddish words *schlemihl* and *schlemazzel.* A *schlemihl* is the kind of person who spills hot soup—all over a *schlemazzel.* Charles Small's father was a *schlemazzel.* The sight of a mouse sent him running out of the house in fear to call a policeman. When Charles as a boy sonorously intoned Shakespearean lines about death, the old man bellowed "Death, schmeth—where do they pick up such dirty rotten words!" and hit the boy over the head with a rolled-up copy of the *Observer.* He swaggered around roaring like a lion, and spilled tea on his pants; or (and this was worse for Charles) in his inarticulate moments of tenderness tried to kiss the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boy and tell him that he should grow up to be a great man.

If his father was a weakling, Millie, Charles' mother, was a nag and a fraud. When she was engaged (the old man was then a cobbler named Yisroel Schmulowitz), Millie insisted that she could not marry a man who would impose on her the name of Schmulowitz. She would have to apologize to her friends all her life. After all, she was a respectable English girl with a dowry of five hundred pounds. Small, it would have to be. And as for Yisroel, it made people laugh; this was London, not Cracow. So Yisroel Schmulowitz became I. Small, nicknamed "Big" in the family because he was a wretched failure and everything he touched fell to dust and ashes.

His trade was an even worse insult to her. That she should be married to a cobbler with dirty hands and broken fingernails was unthinkable. How could she hold up her head when her sisters were married to professional men—a real estate agent, a photographer? At least he could sell shoes instead of mending them. They picked a shop in a wretched little alley—but only five minutes' walk from Park Lane—and in this dried-up fjord the Smalls slowly failed.

Charles, at forty, could look back only on an unbroken series of annoyances and frustrations. He remembered the time that Millie sat through dinner after an argument with her husband whining that she couldn't eat a bite. As her husband worried and fussed, she insisted, "I've got a lump here—I haven't the heart to touch anything." Charles saw her later surreptitiously eating a big piece of fish in the kitchen. She looked up guiltily. "I'm just tasting," she said. Whenever there was a crisis—and every uneaten dish, every new game he wanted to play, was a four-alarm crisis—Millie had a terrible pain. With one hand on her heart she begged, "Please, just to please me."

★

IN THIS atmosphere of petty rage and futility, Charles grew up, the weak son of weak parents. Sometimes in reminiscence he thought that if he had been a musician he might have gotten the inspiration for a terrible comedy out of the incessant bickering.

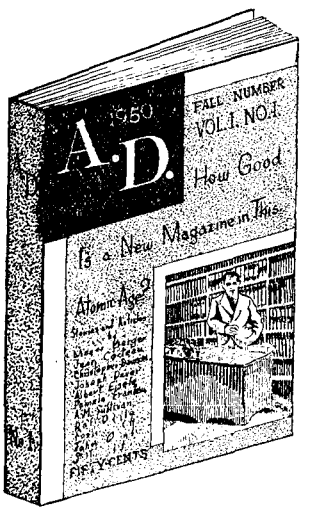
> He would have needed the London Symphony orchestra, some bagpipes, the Mills Brothers, the Duncan Sisters, a dinner gong, several bombardons, a fishwife, a sergeant major, and a Cuban band complete with maracas and ass's jawbones rattling with loose teeth. Technically it would have been difficult to put over as it deserved. It would have been necessary to discover a pair of versatile geniuses who could sing down all the other noises for three hours and forty minutes, in duet, dancing at the same time.

This is a bitter, grisly book. It seems to Charles, lying in bed groaning with impotent hatred of his family, that his mother nursed him for a few weeks only to suck him dry for the rest of his life. "Honor they father and mother," they told him. It would have been better,

EXTRA!

Come and hear FRANK SHEED and MAISIE WARD (Mrs. Sheed) on A. D.* and the A. D. literary movement . . . at St. John's Auditorium, 211 West 30th Street, New York, Friday evening, Sept. 29, at 8:30 . . . Admission is $1, tax included.

*It's two Sheeds for the price of one!



Writers of a . . . New Age . . . of Fiction

YOU will meet them . . . a regular battalion of lively young writers . . . in the pages of A. D. They stand for a new, **Post-Modern** fiction—a fiction founded on a realistic sense of spiritual values.

And you'll also find in A. D. a supporting force of the best established writers of distinguished contemporary fiction.

You can still become an Original Subscriber. (Vol. 1, No. 1 of A. D. goes to press in just a few weeks more. It's edited by Anne Fremantle, David Marshall and Demetrius Manousos.)

A.D. Publishing Company, Inc.
136-08 Roosevelt Ave., Flushing, New York City, N. Y.

Please list me as an Original Subscriber. I enclose the two dollars ($2.00).

Name .....

Address .....

City, Zone and State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he thinks, to break away from the stale hole of fear and lies that was his home and live his own life. He admires his father's friend Solly Schwartz who made a fortune by ruthless cunning. He envies his sister who laughed at their parents' threats and tears, and went off to live in prosperous sin with an American millionaire. Why did he yield to the family—the inept and stupid family—and give up the one career he wanted, the one girl he loved?

As in Philip Wylie's "momism," there is a disturbing quality in this muckraking of the venerated institution of the family. All of us can remember distressing incidents when we, like Charles, were secretly ashamed of ourselves and our parents. But the indictment here is too grimly savage. Charles seems hardly more than a bitter adolescent, moaning over and over that he wished he had never been born. His worship of the strong for their selfishness and brutality is the whine of a whipped child.

But nothing can gainsay Mr. Kersh's superb technical skill. He has exquisitely impaled the genteel horror of the Smalls. He has evoked the fetid breath of their petty tyrannies and twisted tenderness, the absolute futility of them all. With brilliant descriptive power and an emetic vocabulary, he has produced a tormented and forceful work.

CAROL H. WEISS.

Local Color. Truman Capote. Random House. $3.50.

MR. CAPOTE apparently does bestir himself now and then from the droopy languor and silken pillows of his publicity photos. This latest is a setting down of observations from his travels. New Orleans, New York, Brooklyn, Hollywood, Europe, Ischia, Tangier, Spain—so run the chapter heads. Wherever he went, the lad with the delicate air soaked up impressions like a perfumed blotter. He has the practiced eye and ear of a cocktail lounge virtuoso, and the present volume is further evidence of an uncanny gift for knowing where to begin and, especially, where to end a story. *Local Color* is a triumph of over-the-martinis badinage. The book winks and blinks with glimpses of "amusing characters" (according to the smart-set usage of the term), from Greta Garbo ("still the most beautiful woman in the world") roaming about a Manhattan antique shop, to the very *déclassé* Lady W., once the greatest beauty of London, now living out her days in Tangier, where she wears tight sailor suits and "her morals are not all they might be."

Along with these candid shots the Capote album offers the boy's own sweet-sad observations on people and places, which are not so deep as a well but not sheer epicene prattle either.

Brooklyn: "I sat looking at Manhattan and wondering what sort of ruins it would make: as for Brooklyn, archeologists of another civilization, like taxi drivers of our own, will never decipher the secret of its streets, their destination, their meaning."

Hollywood: "I once knew a woman who imported a pink stone villa from Italy and had it reconstructed on a demure Connecticut meadow: Christmas is as out of place in Hollywood as the villa was in Connecticut."

Europe: "I was not part of Europe, I never would be. Safe, I could leave when I wanted to, and for me there was only the honeyed, hallowed air of beauty . . . it was desperate to feel that one could never be a part of moments so moving, that always one would be isolated from this landscape and these people: and then gradually I realized that I did not have to be a part of it: rather, it could be a part of me."

This is not John Gunther talking, nor the sort of travelogue you would expect from, say, Hemingway, Greene, or even Waugh. But you would not be surprised to find it in the creamy pages of *Mademoiselle* and *Vogue*. And that of course is where these lines were first set down. Leave us face it: Capote does have flair.

JOHN COGLEY.

The Abandoned. Paul Gallico. Knopf. $2.75.

PETER BROWN of Cavendish Mews in London, wanted a cat very much. But his mother said no. She seemed to say no to him in other ways of the heart, so he wanted a cat's love even more.

Then, in delirium, after being struck by an automobile, Peter turns into a white tom cat and is scatted out by Nanny.

Into the streets of London he skulks, there to meet a lovely, well-bred tabby who mothers him about and educates him to the niceties and hard realities of life as a stray.

He learns how to eat mice, drink milk, wash himself with his tongue, how to snap the spine of a rat and how to distrust human beings gracefully. He learns all the things that cats learn and does all the things that cats do, even those, one must presume, which Mr. Gallico is discreet enough not to mention.

Peter and Jennie cuddle together on a Napoleonic bed in an old warehouse, they stow away on a small tramp steamer and sail off to Glasgow where Jennie has "relatives." They just go on and on, doing things that cats do and don't do.

And so, if you are still around on page 298, Peter comes out of his delirium to find his beautiful mother hovering over him with eyes and tenderness very much like Jennie's. She gives Peter a cat for his very own and he says: "I shall call her Smudgie because of the black spot on her nose. And please, may she sleep with me?"

And, please Mr. Knopf, why didn't you send this one down to the juvenile department?

And please stop it, Mr. Gallico, you're breaking my heart!

JOE DEVER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Deal and World Affairs. Allan Nevins. Yale. $6.

NEVINS has accomplished two things which, for the most part, have eluded previous chroniclers of the New Deal. First of all, he has had the advantage of referring to the memoirs of a Churchill, a Hull, and a Sherwood, and he has employed these memoirs with intelligence. Secondly, it is to his definite credit that *The New Deal and World Affairs* remains untainted by any heated partisan observations.

As the intellectual heir of the Wilsonian doctrine of collective security, the Roosevelt Administration possessed a strong internationalist viewpoint, and as the European and Far Eastern situations vied with one another in taking a turn for the worse, the Administration differed more and more with the isolationist Congress. Since Congress refused to collaborate, Roosevelt knew that it was his duty to warn the nation of the dangers that lay ahead. It is almost platitudinous to remark that his task was not an easy one. Nevins brilliantly points out that,

> A new moroseness of outlook in foreign affairs possessed many Americans after the Japanese conquest of Manchuria, Hitler's rise to power, and the debt cancellations. Since the Old World was ridden by devils, they would have done with it. This pessimistic belief in withdrawal was rooted partly in the despair of the economic depression, partly in pacifism, partly in the contrast between the bright aspirations of 1918 and the dark political realities of 1933, and partly in a guilt complex arising from the consciousness of duties unperformed. It had three main effects. First, it brought about a reinterpretation of history to justify American abstentions, "proving" that other nations had always been bad beyond redemption. Second, it led many isolationists to attempt to destroy all distinctions between nations democratic and totalitarian, peace-loving and aggressive, painting them in nearly the same hues. Finally, it prescribed a future policy of narrow self-regard. Innumerable Americans felt that internationalism, defined as half foreign machinations, half credulous idealism, had brought about America's participation in the First World War, and this had in turn given birth to the depression. Secession from Europe, political, industrial, cultural, was an old American tradition; the time had come for new and final secessions.

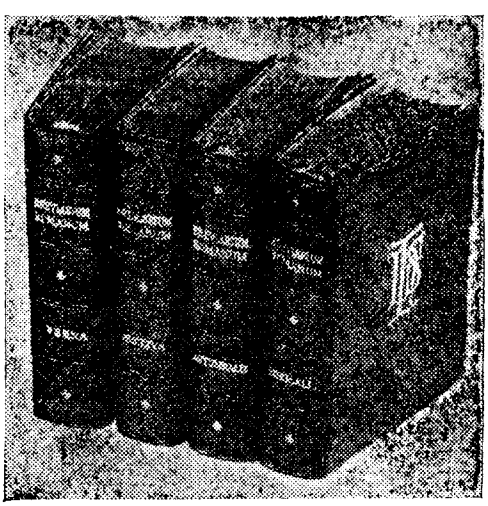
From the Chicago "Quarantine Speech" of 1937 to Pearl Harbor Day, Roosevelt used every possible presidential prod to arouse the American people from the lethargic effects of isolationism, and, in this instance, he deserves any and all the praise which one may desire to bestow upon him.

Nevins believes that if one has a valid case against the late president in the field of foreign affairs, he must con-

BENZIGER BROTHERS, Inc.

Publications

COMPLETE ENGLISH TRANSLATION



FOR STUDY
FOR REFERENCE
FOR RECITATION

THE ROMAN BREVIARY IN ENGLISH

THE ROMAN BREVIARY IN ENGLISH
With the New Psalter Approved by His Holiness Pope Pius XII
Set in large, clear, bold type, 4 volumes, pocket size, Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn. Imit. Leather, red edges, per vol. $8.50; per set, $34.00. Sheepskin Lea., gold edges, per vol. $11.00; per set, $44.00.

THE RACCOLTA
A collection of the Official indulgenced prayers of the Church. Prayers to the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity, to the Blessed Virgin, the Angels and Saints. Ejaculations, prayers, novenas, devotions, pious practices. Printed in red and black. Im. Lea. $4.25.

THE PSALMS
A Prayer Book, The New Version of the Psalms and Canticles translated into English and arranged for use as a book of prayer. With commentaries. Printed in red and black. 450 pages. 4¾ x 7". Im. Lea. $4.25.

THE SEASONAL BREVIARY
Containing the New Psalms. Editio juxta Typicam Vaticanam. Majoris Hebdomadae (Holy Week); Pentecostes et SS. Corporis Christi (Pentecost); Nativitatis et Epiphaniae (Christmas).

3 vols., 4 x 6", pocket size. Im. Lea. yellow edges, per vol. $4.50. Lea., gold edges, per vol. $6.00. Red Mor., gold edges, per vol. $10.00.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, Inc.

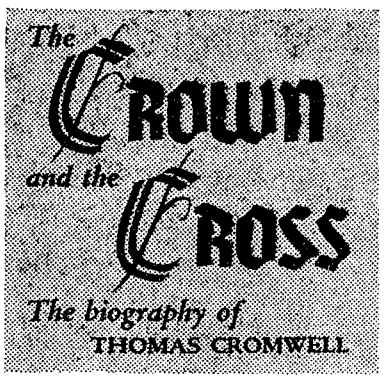
Printers to the Holy Apostolic See and the Sacred Congregation of Rites

NEW YORK: 6-8 Barclay Street

BOSTON • CINCINNATI • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The brilliant biography of the man who held Europe's destiny in his hands for four bloody decades



by
THEODORE MAYNARD
Author of the biography of
MOTHER CABRINI

This absorbing, authoritative biography makes exciting reading. Theodore Maynard tells the dramatic story of brilliant, unscrupulous Thomas Cromwell . . . the man who engineered Henry VIII's break with Rome, and turned early 16th century England from a country of brilliance and happiness to a land of gloom and fear, until he, too, joined his own procession to the headsman's scaffold. $4.50

At all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY, Inc.
New York 18

"A GRAND AND GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT!" —Times

Walt Disney's
PRESENTATION OF
Robert Louis Stevenson's
Treasure Island
Color by TECHNICOLOR
WITH
BOBBY DRISCOLL • ROBERT NEWTON • BASIL SYDNEY
Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
WALT DISNEY'S
True-Life Adventure
BEAVER VALLEY
Print by TECHNICOLOR

NOW Doors Open 8:30 A.M.
BRANDT'S Cool MAYFAIR 7th AVE. & 47th ST.

fine himself to American-Soviet dealings at Teheran and Yalta, excluding, of course, issues which are minor in comparison, e. g., unconditional surrender, Darlan, *et al.* Despite the moral principles asserted in the renowned Atlantic Charter, Roosevelt dismissed them when conferring with Stalin. One is forced to conclude that Roosevelt cast aside morality for purely material considerations. Whether or not Roosevelt was wise or "practical" —to use the politician's patois—is a question that will, no doubt, be answered shortly.

Although *The New Deal and World Affairs* contains nothing startling in the way of new historical interpretation, it is an eminently competent, fair, and intelligent evaluation of the hectic 1933 to 1945 period.

ROBERT HAMILTON BOYLE.

Henry George: Citizen Of The World. Anna George de Mille. Chapel Hill. $3.50.

HENRY GEORGE came into my early life in an intimate if limited way. His distinguished face—bald head, flowing black beard, eyes looking through and beyond you—adorned the cigar boxes in which boyhood treasures were hoarded. Later I could never manage the same affection for his economic theory as I had for the face on the cigar box. The Single Tax, stripped by the economist of its sympathetic appeal against poverty, is a complicated mechanism which upsets the traditional concept of private ownership and is capable of producing as many problems as it cures.

Fortunately, this biography by the youngest of his four children does not get involved in a defense of Georgism. Mrs. de Mille is content to assume the validity of her father's theories. She concentrates on a careful chronology of the facts and events, with a generous supply of inside glimpses and spoken asides. The result is that one gets the clues to George's true significance.

He was essentially a crusader. He dramatized the possibility of eliminating poverty and of bringing personal and economic freedom within the grasp of everyone. His importance is not so much in the accuracy of his analysis as in the fact that he had a specific plan and the talent and energy to proclaim it in a marathon of writing and lecturing.

The publication of *Progress and Poverty* in 1879—over 3 million copies of which have been sold—began a tempest in which he enthusiastically swirled until his death in 1897. He made triumphal lecture tours of England, Ireland, Australia and the United States. He wrote furiously for social reforms. He helped organize the Labor party in New York City and ran for mayor on its ticket. He received more votes than Theodore Roosevelt who was the Republican candidate, and George and his supporters believed that only Tammany Hall ballot-box fraud prevented his election. He opposed socialism and thought Marx a "superficial thinker," yet his critics' strongest point was that his Single Tax program would destroy private property. Though Mrs. de Mille quotes those who thought him arrogant and dema-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gogic, she portrays him as one who never compromised a principle for personal or political gain.

George was constantly embroiled in bitter controversies, not the least of which was the one arising from Archbishop Corrigan's excommunication of Father Edward McGlynn. George's wife and children were baptized as Catholics and his championing of Irish freedom had won him much Catholic support, notably that of Father McGlynn who was also an enthusiastic Single Taxer. Mrs. de Mille adds an interesting sidelight to the case. When George decided to support Cleveland for president, Father McGlynn and his supporters "read me and my friends out of the Party and the Anti-Poverty Society." Father McGlynn himself used the power of excommunication which previously both he and George felt so unjust. Happily, the whole affair was settled by an investigation by the Apostolic Delegate and when Father McGlynn was reinstated in the Church, George sent him a telegram of congratulations and the two fiery champions were reconciled.

Henry George died suddenly in the midst of his second campaign for mayor of New York. Father McGlynn, a rabbi and a minister delivered the sermons at the funeral of this determined man who deserves to be remembered for more than merely the Single Tax theory. Or as a face on a box of "good five-cent cigars."

EMERSON HYNES.

Saint Francis Of Assisi. Omer Englebert. Longmans. $4.

FOR one whose strictly amateur interest in Franciscan literature dates back to a childhood recollection of the scholar Paul Sabatier in Assisi close to the time when his famous *Life of Saint Francis* was crowned by the French Academy and put on the Index, the Abbé Englebert's *Saint Francis of Assisi* evokes thoughts not only of the *Poverello* and the blue and silver Umbrian countryside, but also of hundreds of happy hours spent in reading the sources of which this learned narrative is a mosaic. Written in French, with innumerable painstaking notes and references, it draws on all of the long familiar sources. But the author makes special use of the *Legenda Antiqua* from Ms 1046 of the Communal Library of Perugia. One concludes that the Abbé Englebert believes that it contains "the most important fragment of the writings of Brother Leo."

Numerous stories which he quotes from it are already known to readers of *The Three Companions,* Saint Bonaventura's *Lives,* Thomas of Celano's, and the *Fioretti;* nevertheless, there is a decidedly original cast to them as here given. Perhaps the Abbé Englebert's genius is for the use and interpretation of source materials and scholarly writing rather than for brisk and orderly biographical narrative, but, when one lays the book aside, there remains a vivid impression of Francis' characteristics: his spiritual joy, his devotion to the Holy Eucharist, his reverence for priests no matter how unworthy, and, above all, his unceasing effort to be literally like

THE POPE'S CHILDREN RELIEF

A Report

by Marieli and Rita Benziger

Since 1945 The Pope's Children Relief has aided six convents to reopen after being forcibly closed by the Nazis. four children's villages and 6,500 displaced persons. Two thousand children have had one or more years of schooling. Eighty-one D.P.'s, at the request of Pope Pius XII have been aided to reach the Americas or Australia. Seven hundred thousand pounds of food and clothes have been personally distributed.

Our work never ceases We now have on our waiting list two convents in extreme need. The religious of the Sacred Heart in Graz, Austria, have countless pupils, all refugees, pleading for schooling. Their convent was bombed, the repairs have forced them into debt. You can help us provide schooling there for thirty children.

The Salesian priests in Fulpmes, Austrian Tyrol, once had a flourishing boys school for four hundred. The Nazis closed that down, the French confiscated and ruined what was left. Father Provincial needs funds for fifty lads.

AMONG OUR 500 NEEDIEST WE LIST THE FOLLOWING CASES

A Jesuit priest recommends a Ukranian family. Mother a tubercular. Five children need schooling. Father a doctor in Siberia.

A Poor Clare nun has a sister married to a Yugoslav farmer. Husband murdered. Four girls need schooling, vitamins, clothing. Because family is ethnologically German they are being kept out of America. Case must be helped.

Ursulines recommended Czech refugees. Husband killed. Sickly grandmother, heroic mother with four small children who must have schooling in Austria.

Sacred Heart nuns recommend old pupil. Czech countess a year in concentration camp, now tubercular, with five small children.

Hungarian priest pleads for a mother with four children. All were in Yugoslav concentration camps. Saw father killed. All suffering from Malaria.

Our list continues. Each case pitiful. No one to aid, unless you help. Perhaps you don't know it. REFUGEES ARE FORBIDDEN FROM EARNING A SINGLE PENNY IN ANY OF THE COUNTRIES TO WHICH THEY HAVE FLED. They are forced by law to become parasites. EARMARK YOUR DONATIONS, no matter how small: THE POPE'S CHILDREN RELIEF.

$15 cares for one month's tuition. $150 provides for ten months' schooling. Your dollar may mean another life. Send your check to our treasurer:

Reverend James O'Loughlen, Treasurer 929
THE POPE'S CHILDREN RELIEF
148 Main Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Please enter my contribution enclosed $.....
for THE POPE'S CHILDREN RELIEF.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saint Benedict

By T. F. Lindsay

Who was St. Benedict? What is the real story of his life? We know that he was the author of the famous *Holy Rule,* and the founder of a historic abbey on the now tragic heights of Monte Cassino. The biographical sources are extremely few, but out of them Mr. Lindsay has woven an inspiring portrait of this man of God and his immense achievement.

Himself an Oblate of St. Benedict, Mr. Lindsay reveals a great sympathy with the Benedictine ideal and admiration for the achievement of its followers through the ages.

His book is "full of realistic common-sense, which makes the reader feel that he is meeting the real St. Benedict."—*Catholic Monthly Review*

$2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

DO YOU TAKE VITAMINS?

Anyway, your food is far more nourishing than that of the half-starved multitudes of the missions. While you enjoy the benefits of modern medicine, you will wish kindly to share with the underadvantaged and disinherited of this earth. Send your gift to Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S.J., The Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.

Christ. To this reviewer, the book seems primarily valuable for its simplicity and fairness; the author takes his stand honestly, but he treats Brother Elias and others not in agreement with Francis kindly and generously.

The English editor and translator, Edward Hutton, writes an Introduction which is not thoroughly in accord with the author's Preface nor with his spirit; his allusions to standard biographies of Saint Francis are unfortunate; Father Cuthbert's genuine scholarship and rare narrative ability made of his *Life* a masterpiece, and Jörgensen's *Life* is sound as well as charming. And, had he considered what the Abbé Englebert says in his Preface about the reasons for Sabatier's *Life* being on the Index, he would not have been puzzled as he seems to have been.

As for this implied query and its presence in the Introduction to a book which has the Westminster *Imprimatur,* one can state that any Catholic reader of Sabatier's *Life,* no matter what his admiration for its scholarship, senses the fact that Sabatier sometimes doubted Francis' being a true son of the Church. The Abbé Engelbert shows that Francis was entirely loyal to the Papacy, that he was neither rebel nor innovator, but a literal Catholic Christian recalling to a swerving generation the straight teachings of the Gospels.

D. H. MOSELEY.

Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit. Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B. Newman. $3.50.

IN BRIEF compass, this volume, which was first published in French a half century ago, touches authoritatively on the widest range of subjects. It goes directly to the liturgy for a true perspective on prayer, the Mass, the Divine Office, Christ Himself, the saints, the Church's various blessings and the Sacraments.

• REVIEWERS •

CAROL H. WEISS is an executive for a national service organization with headquarters in New York.

JOE DEVER is a novelist and short-story writer now associated with the Chicago CYO.

ROBERT HAMILTON BOYLE recently completed graduate studies in the social sciences at Yale.

EMERSON HYNES teaches at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota.

D. H. MOSELEY contributes to the *Dublin Review* and other magazines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED